

THE CHRONICLE.

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The persistency with which Aguinaldo's Tagals fired upon hospitals is another evidence of the demoralizing influence of the Spanish soldiery.

The new extradition treaty between the United States and Mexico reaches backward as well as forward. This will have the effect of causing some Americans now down there to come home or choose another location.

The eclipse which has come over Byron's fame is strikingly illustrated by the report that of the \$20,000 needed for the proposed monument at Aberdeen only \$2000 has been subscribed, and that it is probable that the project will be abandoned. In all Great Britain there is no adequate monument to the poet, who in the opinion of his contemporaries was the greatest English bard since Shakespeare.

The gradual decline in the building of sailing vessels is being severely felt in the once flourishing cotton duck industry of New England, observes The Manufacturer. Some years ago there was a large demand for this material in the manufacture of sail cloth, but the consumption in this direction has fallen off so materially of late years that some of the largest manufacturers of cotton duck are now running only 20 per cent. of their spindles.

The protest against the use of the wooden nutmeg as an emblem of the state of Connecticut, at least by Connecticut men, has a plausible excuse, states the Waterbury American. It seems absurd that we should appear to be proud of a symbol of dishonesty especially a symbol which is itself dishonest and not justified by any event in the state's history. But the protest is rather late. Is it not possible that our honest thrift, our industry and commercial success have won for us the right to ignore the significance of the emblem and make of it, in a way, a badge of honor.

America has now so developed her iron and steel industries that she must find fresh outlets for her products. Such outlets she is finding, as we believe with profit, in foreign markets for certain products. For other products, however, she will need to create a new shipbuilding industry of her own; and what has been done or is being done in that connection we must reserve for future examination. No thoughtful man, acquainted with the American character, who considers the situation, can fail to perceive that the greatest competition to be faced by British industry and enterprise in the future is that of American shipbuilding. It may be deferred a few years, but it is bound to come.

Smallpox has appeared in several Maine towns recently, and much apprehension was felt until it was discovered that the disease was of a mild type and that the local boards of health had sufficient energy and knowledge to cope with it successfully. In connection with the outbreak at Lewiston, one of the papers there says: "Within a stone's throw of the quarantined tenement are 500 or 600 people, and of all nationalities from Hebrews, Turks, Germans, French Canadians, and Irish to Arabians and Armenians. There are Russians and Poles living in the house where the case exists." Lewiston, of course, has a more diversified population than has the really typical New England community, for its many and large factories have attracted the working people of about every race represented in the immigration reports, but that so long an enumeration should have been easy shows what a change has been effected of late years among the residents of that part of the country, muses the New York Times. Once thoroughly homogeneous and distinctively American in the older and narrower sense, New England now speaks as many languages as any other section of the Union.

THE ONE-DOLLAR JEFFERSON-CHICAGO-PLATFORM DINNER

FIVE THOUSAND PEOPLE IN NEW YORK ENTERTAINED BY COL. BRYAN IN A BANQUET SPEECH.

NEBRASKAN DECLARES CHICAGO PLATFORM IS STRONGER THAN EVER.

Gathering Was the Largest of the Kind Ever Held in the Metropolis—All Kinds of People Were Present to See and to Hear Mr. Bryan—Enthusiasm Ran Riot and a Pandemonium of Cheers Were in Order.

The dollar Jefferson dinner of the Chicago platform democrats at the Grand Central Palace, New York, Saturday night, in point of numbers, was one of the biggest affairs ever held in the city. Nearly 3,000 men and women sat down at long tables in the various rooms of the big palace. There were all kinds of people there, dressed in all kinds of clothes. There were four Japanese and three Chinese present, but the Chinese were merely spectators, and sat up in the second gallery. They said they had come to see Bryan.

The main hall presented a different aspect from that of the Metropolitan opera house at the \$10 dinner of the Democratic club. There were no flower embellishments, but just great long avenues of tables covered with plain white plates.

The only ornaments were bunches of celery and graniteware coffee pots. The boxes about the hall were festooned with flags, with silken banners suspended between the flags. At the back of the stage were two American flags draped, one bearing the portrait of Jefferson and the other that of Bryan. Small portraits of Bryan were interspersed between the flags on the balconies.

On the stage was an immense floral horseshoe of carnations, roses and heliotrope, it had, worked in flowers, the words, "Women's Bryan League." Below the red carnations in white roses was the name "Bryan." Surrounding all were the numerals "16 to 1." Back on one of the cane-bottom chairs was a magnificent bouquet of roses, American Beauties. But not even on the guests' table was there a single flower.

There were 150 policemen in and about the place.

The women to the number of 475 dined in the long hall just off the second gallery. They sat down to the tables at 5:30 o'clock. The first excitement of the evening occurred when the Russian-American Democratic Association, 250 strong, from the eighth assembly district, marched in. They were received with cheers.

There was no concerted attempt to seat the 3,000 diners simultaneously. All were told to go in and sit down. About 7 o'clock nearly every seat of the men's tables was occupied, and the service began. Over 600 waiters began work shortly before 7 o'clock. The menu included soup, fish, roast beef, turkey, ice cream, coffee and cigars.

Three thousand bottles of wine were served.

William Jennings Bryan did not arrive until shortly after 7 o'clock. Crowds on the outside signaled his appearance by tremendous cheering. He came in a cab, and was escorted through a tremendous crowd to the waiting room outside the main hall.

Then he was escorted to the guests' table, a long table in front of the platform. Following came the speakers of the evening.

The band played "Hail to the Chief" as Bryan was hurried down one of the main aisles. There was tremendous cheering and waving of napkins.

Diners stood on chairs and tables waving frantically. The demonstration lasted for five minutes.

The crowd was a thoroughly representative one, and before the dinner was concluded hundreds of the diners left their seats and began to shake hands with Colonel Bryan. This was stopped with much difficulty.

At 9 o'clock the committee and the speakers ascended to the platform.

Bryan received a vociferous ovation, the diners in many instances again standing on chairs and tables and the women waving napkins wildly.

James R. Brown called the meeting to order, and introduced George Fred Williams, of Massachusetts, who was given a fine reception. The crowd in the galleries meantime had increased, and there were at least 5,000 people in the hall. The mention of Henry George's name evoked an extraordinary demonstration.

O. H. P. Belmont was next introduced, and read from manuscript. John Clark Ridpath spoke of "Thomas Jefferson." When Mr. Ridpath said that Jefferson stood above Adams and Otis, and was the most intellectual democrat that ever lived, a hundred voices shouted:

"No, no! Bryan!"

At the close of Mr. Ridpath's speech a horseshoe of flowers was presented to Colonel Bryan, who arose and bowed.

In introducing Mr. Bryan, Chairman Brown said that Abraham Lincoln had come out of the west to save the nation, and another man had come from the west to save the nation.

A perfect tempest of applause from the men and women broke out. The applause subsided, but started again. The band struck up, but could scarcely be heard as it played "The Stars and Stripes Forever." Hats were thrown up into the air; women waved their cloaks and handkerchiefs. There was a maelstrom of discord. Bryan raised his hand deprecatingly, but the more he did this the more the crowd cheered. It was a wild, frantic demonstration. It lasted for at least five minutes.

Talks of Democracy.

Mr. Bryan began his speech as follows:

Mr. Chairman, Democrats, Ladies and gentlemen—I esteem it a great privilege to be permitted to attend this, probably the largest banquet ever given in the United States. (Interruption of cheers for Bryan.)

I appreciate the kindness which has been manifested by your action and by the words of those who have preceded me. I shall carry back to my western home new courage from your meeting and shall be glad to tell the people in other states that in New York there be those who are true to the principles of democracy, as written in democracy's latest creed. (Cries of "bravo!")

The object of this banquet was to give Chicago platform democrats a chance to celebrate the birthday of Thomas Jefferson. (Cries of "that's it.") There was a banquet given in honor of Thomas Jefferson two nights ago and the discussion of the price per plate obscured to some extent the difference between that banquet and this. A democrat has the right to pay whatever he pleases for a dinner, if he has the money.

The character of a political banquet is determined not by the cost of it, but by the sentiments which are woven into the post-prandial oratory.

We have not one word of hostility to utter toward those democrats who left the democratic party in 1896. Far be it from us to criticize any man whose judgment or conscience leads him out of the democratic party. When the republicans met at St. Louis, some of the republicans left the republican party rather than adapt themselves to the platform written out at St. Louis.

A party is an association of the people for the purpose of giving force and effect to political opinions held in common. They talked to us about harmony! The only kind of harmony that is possible is harmony between those who think and act together to give force to their common opinions.

There can be no harmony between those whose opinions are as antagonistic as the opinions set forth in the Chicago platform and in the Indianapolis platform.

All that we ask is that those who come into the democratic party shall be a part of the democratic party.

His references to the Chicago platform and his declaration that his nomination had not come from bosses was received with tremendous cheers. He caused great enthusiasm when he declared that the Chicago platform was a menace to those who robbed others, and he created a furore when he stated that the platform was disliked by those who had their hands in the pockets of the people.

The speaker declared that an income tax should be enacted and that government by injunction should be discontinued.

Tumultuous applause greeted his reference to the drafting of the soldier and the unwillingness to tax the rich. He said:

"The war has shown that when this government deals with an individual its power is unlimited, but that when it deals with property its power is limited. It can draft the citizen, but it cannot touch the dollar."

"In the hour of peril the nation can take the son from his mother, and the husband from his wife, and stand them up in front of an enemy's guns, but it dare not lay its finger upon the wealth of the rich and make them contribute their share." (Tremendous cheering.)

In reference to his nomination Mr. Bryan said:

"It is a compliment to receive a presidential nomination from any national convention, but I am proud that my nomination came from a convention, not of bosses, but of democratic citizens. (Loud applause.) It has vindicated that platform and every plank of it is stronger today than it was when the platform was written."



No amount of argument can convince the experienced, honest grocer that any other soap will give his customers such general satisfaction as Ivory Soap. He knows that they prefer Ivory Soap to new kinds, of unknown quality.

Ivory Soap will sell because the people want it, the other soaps may look like Ivory, but his customers want the real thing—they may buy a new soap once to try it, but they come back again and again for Ivory Soap, and they insist on having it.

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One Family Owes a Bank.

There is a bank in Tokio, Japan, with a capital of \$5,000,000 and a reserve fund of \$3,230,000, which advertises the following Board of Directors: Baron H. Mitsui, Gennosuke Mitsui, Genyemon Mitsui, Takayasu Mitsui, Hachiro Mitsui, Saburo Mitsui, Fukuoka Mitsui, Morinosuke Mitsui, Takatosuke Mitsui, Yonosuke Mitsui, and Tokuyemon Mitsui. The first-named is the father, and the others are his sons. Every share of stock belongs to the family, and it is announced that they assume an unlimited responsibility for all the liabilities of the bank.

Revenge of the Jilted.

"That was a horrible trick Algy played on Edith."

"Yes?"

"Yes. He sent her one of her own photographs as a comic valentine."

Rushed.

The Poet's Wife—Algernon, I wish you would—

The Poet—Please don't break my train of thoughts. I am writing a poem for the midsummer number of the Fiddlesticks magazine, and the editor says unless I have it ready by 11 o'clock tomorrow he will have to close the forms without it.—Chicago Daily News.

Had to Go Round.

"What do you think that girl said when she refused me?"

"I'll never guess."

"She said she had so many similar experiences lately that she couldn't offer to be more than a half-sister to me."—Pearson's Weekly.

The Death and Burial of Columbus.

Columbus died at Valladolid, May 20, 1506, and was buried in the Cathedral of Seville, within a short time; he was not buried at Valladolid at all. Between 1536 and 1549 his bones were carried across the sea and buried in the Cathedral at San Domingo, "on the right side of the altar." In 1795 the remains were carried to the Cathedral of Havana, whence in December last they were taken back to Spain.

The Army Field Uniform.

There was no "rough rider costume." The field uniform of the United States Army, worn by officers and men, was of brown canvas, a "Norfolk jacket" and knee breeches. The facings varied with the arm of the service; in the artillery the collars and cuffs were red; in the cavalry yellow; in the infantry light blue.

Not in a Trifling Mood.

Mrs. Tilford of Sorosis—It must have taken Daniel Webster a long time to compile the dictionary; don't you think so?

Tilford—Daniel? You mean Noah, don't you?

Mrs. Tilford (tartly)—Now, don't be silly. Noah built the ark.—Brooklyn Life.

Not The Only One.

Mr. Whingleby—Oh, you needn't feel so uppish. You're not the only girl in the town.

Miss Flashleigh—No, I'm not the only girl in town who has publicly announced that she wouldn't have you if you were the last man on earth.

ONE reason Mrs. Pinkham's treatment helps women so promptly is that they have confidence in her.

Through some of the many thousands of Mrs. Pinkham's friends an ailing woman will be led to write to Mrs. Pinkham at her home in Lynn, Mass., and will tell her symptoms. The reply, made without charge of any kind, will bear such evidence of knowledge of the trouble that belief in her advice at once inspires hope.

This of itself is a great help. Then the knowledge that women only see the letters asking for advice and women only assist Mrs. Pinkham in replying makes it easy to be explicit about the little things that define the disease.

MRS. ELIZA THOMAS, of 634 Pine St., Easton, Pa., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I doctored with two of the best doctors in the city for two years and had no relief until I began the use of your remedies. My trouble was ulceration of the womb. I suffered something terrible, could not sleep nights and thought sometimes that death would be such a relief. To-day I am a well woman, able to do my own work, and have not a pain. I used four bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and three packages of Sensitive Wash and cannot thank you enough for the good it did me."

MRS. M. STODDARD,

Box 268, Springfield, Minn.,

writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—For

about four years I was a great sufferer from female troubles. I had backache all of the time, no appetite, pains in stomach, fainting spells, was weak and my system was completely run down. I also had falling of womb so bad that I could scarcely walk across the floor. After taking two bottles of your Vegetable Compound and one box of Lozengers, can say I am cured."

